

The Colored News.

VOL. I.—No. 2.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

[TWO PENCE.]

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.



APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS WHEN THE QUEEN IN PERSON DELIVERS THE SPEECH.



Theatricals.

A Handbook of Dorking. Willis, London, 1855.

In the course of her very entertaining book, our fair authoress gives a very extraordinary, not to say laughable, account of the perils which beset success in the literary world, inadvertently coinciding with every word which has fallen from Charles Dickens on the same subject. Her money was begged from her as fast as it was made, her leisure was laid waste by malignant or rapacious intruders. Priests forced themselves in, anxious to convert her,—misunderstood females entreated her to get them engaged at theatres,—social reformers bombarded her with schemes for the renovation of society,—poets of the people came and begged, threatening that if money was not sent they would commit suicide. One of these, by the way, when beneficently sought out in his garret gave no sound or sign of life,—and on the door being burst open by Madame Dudeant and her emissary, the wretch was found eating sausages! Then, there were English tourists who arrived to scoff, to stare, or to sympathise (note the word in hand),—some of whom she satisfied by saying "twilight" to them. Never, however, short of the means of notoriety in authorship, and not even tabulated with more animated earnestness than our autobiographer. We earnestly recommend a perusal to our readers.

Anna Clayton; or, the Mother's Trial. A Tale of Real Life. Low & Co.

From some little experience in novel reading, we can assert that the great majority of stories professing to be of "real life" might be more truly called tales of Bedlam. We have seldom read "a story of real life" without feeling thankful that both the scenes and the people were safely shut up between two boards, bearing on their back a gilded and lettered warning to the wary reader not to meddle further with the "realities" within. "Anna Clayton" is the reprint of a very vulgar American story, intended to warn the world against the wickedness of Catholics in general, and of Catholic priests especially. It is one of the coarsest stories of this kind we have met with, and has not even the redeeming quality of being amusing. Some of the scenes are laid in England, and the English priests are made to talk a peculiar dialect composed of American provincialisms, Irish peculiarities, and the remains of murdered grammar. Bernaldi, the family confessor, after kidnapping two children to confine them in a monastery, intends to appropriate their fortune to the Church, and is made thus to address the little girl, consigning him to "Father Francis," with a very intelligible hint to ill-use him—

"No more o' your pulling round me, you young brnt! I've had enough of you, I hope. As I hated your vile heretic mother, so do I hate you;—and now you have got to smart for all the bother you've been to me! Yes, and that little, pale-faced wretch of a sister of yours has got to take it, now I reckon! We'll see who's master round here now!"

We should think this style of authorship would be undertaken on very moderate terms, and no doubt it has been, but whatever the remuneration paid for it here or in America, it is so much good money thrown away.

A Quaker lady, at Southport, in her 100th year, has made 20 purses by knitting this year, and is going to sell them for the benefit of the poor. Her name is Mary Wright, and she sometimes preaches amongst the Friends. One purse of her making has been sent to the Queen, as a present from a lady of 100 summers. Another person at Southport, Mrs. Hodge, is in her 95th year, and is in very good health.

[illegible]



PANORAMIC VIEW SKETCHED FROM THE I

A—Risbanka Battery, 30 Guns.
B—Fort Risbank, 50 Guns, 2 Tiers.
C—Fort Alexander, 72 Guns, 3 Tiers.

D—Fort Constantine, 50 Guns, 2 Tiers.
E—Citadel Battery, 40 Guns.
F—Peter the Great Fort, 24 Guns.

G—Cron Castle, 136 Guns.
J—Fort Menschikoff, 44 Guns.
—Middle Harbour, 70 Guns & 12 Mortars.

The population of Cronstadt is about 30,000; the Town, Harbours and Fortresses, are sit



W OF CRONSTADT.
E RISSBANKSIA BATTERY.

L—The Exchange.
M—St. Andrew's Church.
N—Powder Magazine.

C—The Ba.
F—The Governor's House.
Q—Alexander Fort.

R—Fort Katherine.
S—Kesel Battery.
T—Peter Fort.

are situated at the South-east. The Western extremity tapers to a long narrow point.

The Past Week.

5th.—**Thomas Gainsborough died 1788.** This very eminent artist, and one of the distinguished ornaments of the English school of painting, was born in 1727 at Sudbury, where his father was a clothier. Like all the great favourites of genius, he discovered very early a propensity to the art on which his future and imperishable fame was to be founded. Nature, says one of his contemporaries, was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy, where he would pass in solitude his mornings in making a sketch of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a fawn, a cat, a shepherd and his flock, or any accidental objects that were presented. From delineation he got to coloring, and after painting several landscapes from the age of ten to twelve, he quitted Sudbury and came to London, where he commenced portrait painter. To education Gainsborough owed little. He was for some time under the instructions of Gravelot and of Hayman, whom he soon eclipsed; and he was one of the few artists of eminence this country has produced, who never were indebted to foreign travel. His whole life was spent at Sudbury, Ipswich, Bath and London. He took up his final residence in the latter in 1774, where his fame increased with astonishing rapidity. His excellence appeared in portraits and landscapes. His portraits, it has been justly said, will pass to futurity with a reputation equal to that which follows the pictures of Van Dyke; and his landscapes will establish his name on the record of the fine arts with honours such as never before attended a native of this Isle. He was not only a painter, but a poet, and a musician, and it is to be noticed that they more nearly approach the landscapes of Rubens than those of any other master. Gainsborough died of a cancer, and was interred, at his own request in Kew Churchyard. In his last moments he paid a tribute to his great master; almost his last words were "we are all going to heaven and Van Dyke is of the party." Gainsborough was rather capricious and unsteady in his social connections. Although chosen a member of the Royal Academy, he never associated with its members. At the same time it is due to his memory to say that he was a man of great generosity. If he selected for the exercise of his pencil, an infant from a cottage, all the tenants of the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture, and some of them frequently found in his habitation a permanent abode. His liberality was not confined to this alone; needy relations and unfortunate friends were further incumbrances on a spirit that could not deny, and owing to this generosity it is that his affluence was not left to his family which so much merit might promise, and such real merit deserve.

6th.—**Prince Alfred born 1814.**

7th.—**Queen Caroline died 1821.** It is worthy of record that the legal advocates of this unfortunate woman rose to the highest judicial honours, viz., Lord Chancellor Brougham, Lord Chancellor Truro, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Lord Chief Justice of the Bench, Lord Chief Justice Tyndall, and Mr. Justice Williams. It is also a gratifying fact that posterity is rendering some small share of justice to her memory.

7th.—**Bacon died 1626.** Lord Bacon was born in 1561, and was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, for more than twenty years keeper of the great seal. He was elected at Trinity College, Cambridge, after leaving which he entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, with a view to the study of the law. In this profession, and in public life, he rapidly rose to the highest eminence; and in 1619 he was made Lord High Chancellor of England, and created Baron Verulam, to which title was added, the following year, that of Viscount St. Albans. Bacon's political course, up to this time, had not been very remarkable for disinterestedness or independence; and it was destined to terminate suddenly in disgrace and sorrow. In March, 1621, he was impeached by the House of Commons for his father's profession of law. In his own confession soon after admitted the truth of the accusation in nearly all its force: on which he was immediately deprived of the seals, and sentenced to be fined, imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and for ever excluded from parliament and all public employments. He afterwards obtained a remission of the hardest parts of his sentence: but he only survived till the 6th of August, 1626, on which day he died. Only at the Earl of Arundel's house at Little Belton, where he died, he was so great a man, that his character and conduct, as an historical personage, are commonly, as it were by general consent, in a very considerable degree overlooked and forgotten when we mention the name of Bacon. It is worthy of notice, as a curious evidence of how little the delinquencies and misfortunes of the politician, memorable as they were, were some time after his death known of, that those parts of the world which were most faithful to the name of the philosopher, that Bayle, in his Dictionary, published in 1695, and again in 1702, has given us an article on Bacon, in which he does not so much as allude to his lamentable fall, being evidently ignorant that such an event had ever taken place.

8th.—**Death of George Canning 1827.** Among those statesmen whose political conduct and personal talents have promoted the national glory of old England, there is no individual more distinctly entitled to this highly gifted and illustrious individual. He was born in 1759, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and commenced his senatorial career in 1793. From 1796 till 1827 he was with some few interruptions connected with the administration; and on the illness of Lord Liverpool he succeeded to the premiership. The auspicious prospects, however, which had been entertained by the nation, from his principles and abilities were soon clouded by his death which occurred on the 7th of August. As a politician Canning displayed the most liberal and enlightened views, and as an orator he excelled in all that can convince the understanding or captivate the fancy. He was the author of a mock heroic tragedy, called "The Rovers," which caused a prodigious sensation in the political world when it first made its appearance.

8th.—**Lord Duncan born 1731.** This distinguished naval officer was born at Dundee in Angshire, in 1731. He entered the navy at an early age, and in his 30th year became a post captain. He distinguished himself at the siege of the Havanna, and in 1797 shared the victory of Rodney over the Spanish fleet. After rising gradually through the intermediate ranks he became Vice Admiral of the White in 1794. His subsequent victory over the Dutch squadron, was rewarded by the title of Viscount and a pension of £2000 per year. He died in 1804.

9th.—**Birth of John Dryden.** Dryden was the father of criticism and the great improver of English versification. He was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire 1631. Having received a liberal education he soon began to cultivate poetry, and published some encomiastic verses on the death of Oliver Cromwell. His education of the Monarchical power in 1660, he, with the parasitical spirit natural to those who intrigue for patronage, exerted himself and talents in eulogising the new sovereign. His son recommended him to royal favour, by which he obtained the appointment of poet laureate. He published various dramatic pieces, which stamped him as the first poet of the age, though the licentious allusions with which they abound expose him to the severest reprobation. He enjoyed high reputation to the period of his death which occurred in 1700. His numerous works were unrivalled for merit in the declining age, and time, and still continued to be highly popular. Dryden was buried in Westminster Abbey in a grave next that of Chaucer.

10th.—**Greenwich Observatory founded 1675.**

10th.—**Captain Marryat died 1848.**

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Our limited space will deprive us of the pleasure of answering many correspondents at great length, but we shall always make a point of attending to questions connected with literature and art.

PRISCILLA ORNON, (BAYSWATER).—Many books have been printed concerning the language of flowers, and in many parts of the country certain colours will show a proverbial signification such as blue, true; yellow, jealous; green, forsaken, &c. A quaint old author makes a short dictionary of them as follows:—

Ash colour.....Repentance
Black colour.....Mournful
Blue.....Trust
Carnation.....Deceit
Crimson.....Cruelty
Green.....Green
Moose colour.....Forsaken
Murry.....Secret Love

Orange colour.....Spitefulness
Purple.....Nobility
Sky colour.....Heavenly
Forsaken.....Forsaken
White.....Innocence
Yellow colour.....Despair
Yellow.....Jealousy

DRAMATICS (THEATRO).—There are many passages in Shakespeare which admit of two readings, but we cannot see the exact point of your question. You ask if "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," who constitute the orchestra and audience? We have no particular wish to chop logic at our time of life, but surely amongst the "players" somebody must be able to scrape the violin, and in that case part of the orchestra would be formed at least.

AN AUTHOR, (ADREMARKABLE STREET).—We may say of your volume, as the cockney said of the pyramid at Egypt—it is very big. If its merit was commensurate with its size, how clever you would be; but—truth must out—the work is trash.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

BEFORE our next publication is issued, the Session of Parliament will have been brought to a close. We may, therefore, fairly ask what has been the result of eight long months deliberation? What legislative result has emanated to the country from sittings protracted far beyond their usual length. All Englishmen take an interest in public affairs, and they are naturally asking, with very great anxiety, what measures have been passed—what imposts removed—what evils have been remedied—what obnoxious statutes repealed—and what, to sum up all in one short sentence, the ministers and parliament have done for the people? Numerous as are the interrogatories, the responses may be uttered in a few intelligible words. The most astounding of which would be that the collective wisdom of the three kingdoms has increased the national debt by twenty millions sterling! Added to this it has made England security for Turkey to the extent of an additional five millions. It has also sown, in all human probability, by an ill constructed convention, the seeds of prospective misunderstanding both with Turkey and with France. Can we close account with these items. No! The representatives of this happy country, have unscrupulously added two pence in the pound to our already doubled income tax, and that John Bull should have a fair taste of the thumb screw of taxation which is preparing for him, they have unblushingly advanced the price of his tea and his coffee, his sugar and his spirits; by the imposition of heavy and exorbitant additional duties. Long before the session was half got through our sapient rulers had squandered or misappropriated all the money which that tax-gatherer had been instructed to levy, or the stock market had consented to loan. "Supplementary estimates" popped up their hideous heads and with snake like fascination cajoled into their capacious jaws two or three millions more. To this end the parliamentary folks have been busy—very busy indeed, but for results which would have benefited the tax payers there is "a beggarly account of empty measures"—indeed. Eight weeks have scarcely elapsed since the Premier first "cried havoc, and let loose the dogs of war," but that short space of time the first Lord of the Treasury has thrown over, without the smallest symptom of compunction, every important measure which his government introduced plausibly and promised faithfully. It is true that his lordship reserved a sprinkling of enactments as especially necessary to mollify the beast whilst placing the burthens upon its back. But what even became of these sops in the pan? The Scotch Education Bill, the pet measure of the principal law officer of the Crown, after being before the lower house from the very commencement of the session, was sent with all its imperfections on its head to the upper house at last, and there even the Duke of Argyll, with that flippancy which is his general characteristic was ready to undertake any crusade from which a cautious man would shrink, he even declined to enter the lists in its defence, and it was walked out of the arena preceded by a majority of one. Another was the Irish Tenants Compensation Bill, the reinsertion of the retrospective clause which was the price demanded and promised for the votes of "the Brigade" when a question of confidence was impending, and that Ministry was in danger of defeat, but which was withdrawn when the danger was over, in spite of the remonstrances of the galled and innocent dupes. But far above all these in nothingness and insincerity, stand the limited Liability Bill which was introduced with a flourish of conciliatory trumpets from the Board of Trade, the vibrations of which had scarcely died upon the ear when a herald in the person of Mr. Cardwell blew a blast so shrill and discordant that every one stood aghast. Pursuivant Cardwell's notes were to the effect that it was "far too imperfect a measure to be allowed to pass this session," and so it shared the fate of the others. In noticing the final exit of all or either of these measures, we are far from saying that we regret, or that there is really anything to regret in, the loss of these measures, but we must recur to them to show what business men are entrusted with the destinies of a great commercial nation. With reference to the time also, which has been

expended in voting the supplies (admitted absolutely necessary to the vigorous prosecution of the war), it is not with that or the amount of the supplies we would cavil, far from it, we feel only that it is our duty to point out; we have throughout the session been hampered with a government which undertook to "settle" vital questions, but which was either so negligent of its duty, or so weak and incapable, and unable to so utterly command the confidence of Parliament, that it found itself compelled to abandon one bill after another so rapidly that the session whilst consuming Parliament for what it has left undone, let us give it all due praise for what it has done. Amongst the latest abandonments of the session, we noticed, with extreme satisfaction, Sir William Pakington's Church Spoliation Scheme, and Mr. Heywood's Bill for unsettling the Law of Marriage. For the alteration effected in the Sabbath Beer Bill the people have to thank themselves. They spoke out with an eloquence more touching and effective than has been heard since the days of Lord Liverpool, but we sincerely hope that concession on this hand, may not be attributed to intimidation.

Nota Bene.

During the parliamentary session Palmerson has gone through more work in the talking line than during any other dozen sessions of his life since that of Mrs. Norton. He has made upwards of one hundred speeches of his own, and what is far more trying, he has listened to a thousand of other people's; listened, not like the mere logs and blocks on the official benches, but listened so that not a point should escape him, and he did it. He has, on every subject, talked down, and on every subject, talked up, and on every subject, talked out, but he has not, and that is as destructive a species of eccentricity as the American method which consists in grinning in the bark of a tree, or outgrinning the gentleman's weight in wild cats. Disraeli only carried the business of the Derby Cabinet; but Palmerson has carried both body and brain of Worcester, in that, he had to resist the doubly detrimental operations of seceding friends and adhesive enemies; to bear it of traitors to himself and to their own professions; to shake off a perhaps honest auxiliary whose aid was vain; and to give ever-ready battle to a motley and multitudinous for the mere recollections of whose several grounds of "action" was a tax boy would have been puzzled to recollect.

A "lady of rank," whose husband and several near relatives are serving in the Crimea, advertises to the effect that she wishes to find some other ladies similarly circumstanced, who may be desirous of proceeding there immediately to the front, and who would be willing to join her in procuring a nation may be accomplished.

Among the "notions" imbibed by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, during his residence as an exile in England, was a very decided preference for the principles of free trade. Those who are in his confidence are of opinion that he only awaits a favourable moment in order to introduce that system of France. Absolute though the Emperor is said to be, he nevertheless is obliged to proceed with the utmost caution in realising his schemes. Monarchy is fearfully strong in France; so much so that, under the constitutional system, which the enemies of Napoleon so hypocritically and so unwisely deplore, any attempt to introduce reciprocity between nations would have the energy of the French empire nothing but the enunciation of sounding abstract principle, and that faith in themselves and in the future, which enabled Sir Robert Peel to try his grand experiment. That the Emperor has not abandoned his ruling passion, the *Moniteur*, which contains an elaborate article, analysis of the effects of free trade in England, showing how certain classes who expected to be ruined have, in fact, been gainers by the system, and also that the revenue has enormously increased.

The brace of popular baronets, who represent Southwark and Marylebone respectively, have been before their constituents, and their reception has been cordial—we might say, flattering. Sir William Molesworth every one speaks handsomely. He has brought his honours by a long course of many patriots. Popular tributes, aided by fine talents, Russell's political suicide has made him a political prisoner. He has plenty of work in him, is stimulated by a holy ambition, and the theoretical colonial reformer will not lack Benjamin Hall has not the same force of character nor the same commanding intellect; but he is a good man of business, and has fairly won his spurs. The natives of the Principality his rise must prove to be gratifying.

The advocates of a stringent Sunday legislation have sustained a defeat. The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to trace the working of the new Beer Bill Report, is unfavourable to the bitter observance of the Sabbath. In a word, the Hyde-park rioters have triumphed. Lord Robert Grosvenor has lost his Sunday "Fencing Bill, and the door for pushing matters beyond prudence—the door which the result of good intentions but afflicted with weak heads—the door of men with recommend that houses of entertainment be opened at one and all in all an extension of two hours and a half. The bonâ fide traveller, whose existence has been a puzzle to police magistrates, is to disappear from the statute book, and the place that once knew him will know him no more. The law of last session, hastily taken up, and harshly carried out, is virtually being wrung from the Legislature. The lesson is obvious. It is our law-makers may ponder. They have tardily ascertained that they cannot make good and sober citizens by act of parliament, and if they are made wise by this discovery, all may rejoice. But annoying symptoms appear in other quarters. Demonstrations has aroused the torpidity of the Hyde-park terrible fellows, Mr. Ernest Jones and Mr. Bronterre O'Brien, frage, and denouncing as monstrous and atrocious the fact that war in which we are now engaged have no voice in representation. The speeches and exhortations of these vehement orators will sink deeply into the minds of the classes

